The country neighborhood in England is a very important phase. It means a collection of villas, neighboring great houses, where hospitallty goes on all the time, and where there is something near which is of historical interest to see. Perhaps life never can assume a more picturesque interest to an American than when satching a glimpse of this stately living, which has birth, antiquity, and wealth behind it.

Such a condition of things never comes to us Americans. Our country life must be very simple in comparison, and it is for the most part so lonely to the rich that they forsake their country places and go to Newport or to Mount Desert, where they find company. Half the once historic houses on the North River are forsaken, and we all know of more than one country house which is shut up because its owners do not find life agreeable in it.

Half of this objection to living in the country comes from the servant nuisance. The cook is always free to decamp on Saturday night, and the guests who come down for Sunday may take care of themselves as best they may. But many young people still like the country and have their country neighborhoods at Lawrence. at Orange, at Morristown, and in the neighborbood of all large cities. They like to entertain meir city guests without much parade or expense, and certainly their city guests like to be

antartained. Now, how to feed them? That is the question. Every country householder should try to have a vegetable garden; for peas, beans, young turnips, and salads freshly gathered are very superior to those which can be bought, Of all the country luxuries fresh vegetables are the greatest. Especially does the tired cit. de-

SKETCHES FROM THE CONFERENCE. Something About the Bishops That Are and the Blehops That May Be,

Just now one of the best places for the study of human nature is the Methodist Conference at the Metropolitan Opera House. The brethren have been there long enough to feel as much at home as if they owned the building. A few elderly preachers who occupy the front row of seats still persist in putting their feet on the balustrade which separates the parquet from the orchestra. They sit thus with apparent unconsciousness of the backwoods look it gives them. Some of them seem to be old enough to know better than to make such conspicuous display of their boots. Somebody ought to whisper in their ears a gentle

Among the most interesting men present are the Bishops. A Methodist Bishop is a far more free and easy man than a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In fact, the Methedist Bishops are much like ordinary men-social, genial, and very little given to putting on

ecclesiastical airs.

Bishops Hurst and Malialieu are the youngest. The former makes his headquarters at Buffalo: the latter at New Orleans. Both are a full beard, considerably tinged with gray. Bishop Andrews, who was ordained Bishop in 1872, is a stylish-looking man, with white, mutmost important churches in this part of the country. He is a prime debater, a wise man-

ager, and an eloquent preacher.

Bishop Foster has been in the ministry since 1837, and was made Bishop in 1872. Bishop Bowman and Bishop Merrill were ordained Bowman and Bishop Merrill were ordained Bishops at the same time. These three are grave and reverend gentlemen, scholarly, business-like, and eloquent, without being sensational. Bishop Merrill is the great authority on ecclesiastical law.

Bishop Foss, who now hails from Minnesota, was one of the mest popular ministers among the wealthy churches. He has a solid reputation for scholarship, and always attracts a large audience when he preaches. Since he became Bishop his formerly black hair has become very gray.

SEVERAL NAMES FOR ONE STREET. Brondway and Fourth Avenue are Notable Examples of this Bad Policy.

New York is commonly regarded as the easiest of cities in which to find one's way about, barring the irregular and older section below Fourteenth street. But there are streets above that line which it costs a day's vacation to find. Even Broadway has puzzled some people. A reporter of THE SUN, who had an imaginary friend living at 1.950 Broadway. found himself at the end of his rope when he reached Fifty-ninth street, like many people in search of real friends on upper Broadway with whom they have made important engagements and have had to break them. This is the point where the Boulevard begins to count, at a little shanty occupied by a veterinary surgeon. On the opposite pointed corner is Durland's Riding Academy. The last Broadway number you can find there is 1,810. The reporter was puzzled and asked a bluecoat policeman up on the Boulevard: "Where is 1.950 Brondway?"

" Broadway isn't up here, unless it's the same as the Boulevard. Some call it Broadway and some the Boulevard. No, it hasn't the Broadway numbering above Fifty-ninth street unless good presiding officers. Bishop Mallalleu has it is up beyond Sixty-fifth street, where the Boulevard crosses Ninth avenue." A postman who came up just then said: "It

cadway on the right side going up, and ton-chop whiskers. Before his elevation to his the Boulevard on the left side. We have no end present office he had charge of some of the of trouble with these upper Broadway letters. but if he is calm, and the water is in the same Bushels of them go to the dead letter office every year."

None of the residents at the opening of the

Boulevard could give the reporter any light. Taking the elevated train at the Fifty-ninth street station, on the Ninth avenue line, it is balf an hour's ride to where Broadway crops out again in what is called Manhattanville, but

TONG SWIMS UNDER WATER.

my if You Know How-Instructive, Eg. citing, and Awfully Dangerous Too. Gil Roberts is a peddler now in the northern part of New Jersey; but there was a time when Prof. Gilbert Roberts taught the art of diving. He was himself an expert, and made a good living by instructing people in the best methods of holding their breath for a long time under the water, sounding its depths, or rang-ing far beneath its surface, without assistance. "I hardly know how to swim at all," was the startling declaration made by Mr. Roberts as he deposited his pack on a sunny bank where

prepared to satisfy his questioner's curiosity

do it then unless somebody who can has shown you how. When a man has a cramp in

deep water, or is too tired to swim any further,

a recollection of this may save his life. Just let

regarding the secrets of the deep.

him keep his chest inflated, and though he be as thin as a rail, he must float sufficiently high to enable him to breathe freely. His dancondition, he can do that in less than half a Service of the control of the contro second. He need not quite empty his lungs, you see, before he takes in a fresh supply of air, and what remains of the old stock will prevent him from sinking like a stone, so that he will have the necessary buoyancy again before his nose is below the water. Of course, the final thing a man should do before trying to The state of the s

GEN, SHERMAN AND COL FELLOWS. A Mistake as to Identity Made which About to be Played Upon by One who was Often Happens,

Often Happens, Gen. Sherman and District Attorney Fellows met recently at a public dinner. They shook hands warmly. Gen, Sherman said: "I am delighted to see you. I have not met you for fully twenty-five years."

am delighted to see you. I have not met you for fully twenty-live years."

Col. Fellows looked at him in amazement, "General," he said, blandly, "if this were after dinner instead of before dinner. I should not be surprised at that remark. You certainly cannot forget that we met the other night at the St. Patrick's dinner." "Oh, no. Mr. Barnum," replied Gen. Sherman, very positively, "I certainly have not met you for fully a quarter of a century. I pride myself on my received ion of faces and I certainly could not be mistaken in the face of so well-known a man as yourself."

"Ah I have you there, General," retorted Mr. Fellows, "I am not Mr. P. T. Barnum, for whom you have mistaken me, and for whom I have been mistaken a great many times; I am a much poorer and less famous man. I am plain John R. Fellows."

Gen. Sherman acknowledged his mistake, and there was a laugh at his expense. Col. Fellows, though shorter, boars a wonderful likeness to the great old showman, and is very often mistaken for bin in public.

Another singular face about the circus partnership of which Mr. Barnum is the head is that his partner, Mr. Bailey, bears a startling likeness to the newly appointed Justice of the Court of Aspeals from this city. John Clinton Gray. After Judge Gray's appointment, Mr. Balley received any number of handshakes and warm congratulations upon his promotion to the highest beach of this State. no wild thyme grows, sat down beside it, and " But I can dive as well as most men. When I was a boy I often dived so far that I found it hard to swim back to the shore. That was before I learned to go under the water direct from the surface. instead of jumping from a few feet above it, and so getting a downward motion. You see, when your lungs are filled with air you can't sink unless you want to do so, and you can't

WISE, WITTY, AND APROPOS. Sayings of Lawyers, Prisoners, and Others

in the Courts and Out of Them,

Prom Coumbers' Journal

Our courts of law have furnished us at various times with very witty and amusing remarks, lawyers and prisoners alike being guilty on this score. Doubtless every one has heard of the Irishman who, in reply to the question: "Guilty or not guilty? said he would like to hear the evidence before he would plead." A magistrate in another case was dealing with a vagrant, and in a severe tone addressed him thus: "You have been up before me half a dozen times this year," thereby giving him to understand that he had appeared too often on the scene. The prisoner, however, was equal to the occasion, for he replied: "Come, now, Judge, none of that. Every time I've been here I've seen you here. You are here more than I am. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." Curran, the Irish advecate, was one day examining a witness, and, failing to get a direct answer, said: "There is no use in asking you questions, for I see the villain in your face." "Do you, sir? said the man, with a smile. "Faix, I never knew before that my face was a looking glass." On another occasion he was out walking with a friend who was extremely From Chamberr's Journal.

"Faix. I never knew before that my face was a looking glass." On another occasion he was a looking glass." On another occasion he was out walking with a friend who was extremely punctillous in his conversation. The latter, hearing a person near him say curosity for curiosity, exclaimed: "How that man murders the language! "Not so bad as that." replied Curran: "he has only knecked an i out." "Prisoner at the bar," said n Judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked toward the door and remarked that he would like to say." Good evening." If it was agreeable to the commany.

"I remember," says Lord Eldon. "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours he observed: Here are only eleven, he has gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me."

about some business, but he has let has with me.'?"

This is almost on a par with a case tried in one of the Lancashire courts when Sergoant Cross was a resident barrister in that county. The jury, having consulted and agreed upon their verdiet, were addressed by the Clerk: How say you, gentlemen of the jury; do you find for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"What sayn yo? I dunnes understand," said the foreman.

find for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

"What sayn yo? I dunnos understand," said the foreman.

"Why, as you have decided, all I want to know is whether your verdiet is for the plaintiff or the defendant?"

The foreman looked still greatly embarrassed, but he replied: "Whoy, I raily dunnot know, but we're for him as Mester Cross is for."

Lord Cockburn's looks, tones, language, and manner were always such as to make one think that he believed every word he said. On one occasion before he was raised to the bench, when defending a murderer, although he failed to convines the Judgeand jurymen of the inn occase of his client, yet he convineed the murderer himself that he was innecent. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the day of execution fixed for the 20th of January. As Lord Cockburn was passing the condemned man, the latter seized him by the gown, saying: "I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn—I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn—I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn—I have not got; but you'll got it on the 20th of January.

Witty and humerous replies, however, are not confined to law courts, so we may leave the Judges and their satalities and gather up a few fragments elsewhere. An Irish recruit about to be inspected by Frederick the Great was

confined to law courts, so we may leave the Judges and their satellites and gather up a few fragments elsewhere. An Irish recruit about to be inspected by Frederick the Great was told that he would be asked these questions; How old are you? How long have you been in the service? Are you content with your pay and rations? He prepared his answers accordingly. It so happened, however, that the king began with the second question. "How long have you been in the service?" Paddy gibby replied, "Twenty years," Why, said the King, "how old are you?" "Six months," answered Faddy, "Six months," exclaimed the King; surely either you or I must be mad." "Yes, both, your Majesty," a confession scarcely anticipated by the royal examiner.

A good story is told of a General and his wife, resident in Ireland, who were constantly pestered by a beggar woman to whom they had been very generous. One morning at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman begun: "Ash! my lady, success to yer ladyship, and success

THE FIDDLE OF PAGANINI.

Seventy years or so ago, in a box in the Theatre of Sant' Agostina, in Genoa, a woman listened as Paganini, the violinist, performed one of his marvellous, weird improvisations, She became ill after he had finished, and hurriedly left the theatre. Within half an hour she bore a child, and, as if the spell of the mysterious player and his music had been cast upon the young life about to be, that child be-came Camillo Siveri, favorite pupil of Paganini, and famous master of the violin. Fifty years ago he completed his studies in musical composition under Giovanni Serra, and began his professional career, and now he celebrates his jublice, and to crown his triumph the city of Genoa permits him to use on that occasion its priceless treasure, the violin of Paganini, under whose strains he was so nearly born.

It is told as a legend that the violin was presented to Paganini about or soon before 1804 by a Frenchman named Livron. Paganini was about to perform in Leghorn, and he had gambled away all his money and jewels and even the violin that he had expected to use. He ap-

He Can Run a Store Without Help and

While in the employ of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, a few years ago, Charles H. Fennimore of Farmingdale had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye, the result of get-ting a hot einder from the locomotive in it. About a year afterward, while working in a marl pit at Lower Squankum, he got a small sharp pebble in the other eye. He was taken to an infirmary in New York, where every effort

was made to save the sight, but he became Revolving in his mind various projects for the support of his family, he determined to try keeping a country store. His friends endeav-ored to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he was resolute and opened a small store in Lower Squankum, three miles from l'armingdale. He soon showed an aptitude for the business, and accomplished things

His dwelling house is over a mile distant

NEW YORK AS A PASHION CENTRE Her Tallers and Their Supremacy-Pewer,

That Mavroyeni Bey, the minister from Turkey, came to this city the other day to get some clothes. Illustrates once mere the fact that New York is getting to be the capital of fashion for the western world. Along about February last the law givers of style in this city sent out their edicts of what men should wear in this country this summer. Plates went all over the United States, and in every tailor's shop in every town may be seen the sign, "New York Fashions."

sign, "New York Fashions."

Some of the leading swell tailors have agents travelling throughout the country taking orders. It is a common thing for merchants vistake them along with them on their return. Many merchants leave their measures and order by mail every season. It is a common thing for foreign ambassadors, members of Congress, military men, and wealthy men from all parts of the country to order clothes from their favorite tailors in New York. And some, when they have once been measured, let the tailors depend upon those measures for a few

by a Frenchman named Livron. Paganini was about to perform in Leckion that he had oxpected to use. He applied to Livron, who was well known locally as an anattent, and obtained the loan of the fine of the first of the control of the contro

scenes at a Rookery-Habits of the Sable-

From the Scientific American.

Prom the Scientife American.

The first of these two rookeries is situated about two miles east of Syracuse, N. Y., in a woods known as "Tamarack Swamp," and lying between the Central and West Shore tracks. The second is situated in Arlington Cemetery at Washington. Both rookeries are nearly equal in size, the one at Syracuse covering about fifteen acres and that at Arlington from ten to tweive.

A visit to these roosts in the daytime is interesting in the extreme, while another paid at dusk when the birds are coming in is even more so. Shortly after duybreak the vest through of black bestirs itself; first a loud clamor betokens that the birds are awake; then with a shake or two they launch forth in quest of the morning's breakinst. Leaving snagly, in pairs, by dozens, and in flocks of hundreds, each group wings its way to where the previous days must were secured, or starts in search of new feeding grounds. After they are gone the roost is a sight indeed. Ou every hand trees and ground beneath are fiterally ever with the exercise of the birds, having multiple and the control of the dead ones that her earling multiple of the dead ones that lare an itneed dot in stew white anong the branches as well as on the server and the and one that here and there dot in stew white anong the branches as well as on the server and the pair of the fead ones that here and these dot in stew white among the branches as well as on the server and the pairs of the server and the server and